

THE



ARCHON

DECEMBER 1920

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THE ARCHON

Published five times during the school year by the students of
Dummer Academy, South Byfield, Mass.

Vol. 9, New Series

DECEMBER, 1920

No. 6

THE ARCHON BOARD

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MEDITATION

Our days on earth are but a few.
Each one to us brings something new.
Some task, perhaps, that we must do,
Some wicked deed that we may rue.

A Name, our goal on earth should be,
That lives through all Futurity.
Not to leave in this world, we trust,
That which will perish in the dust.

God give us grace that we may see
Our faults, and act accordingly.

F. W. B. '21.



LITERARY

FOOTBALL BRAINS

"Well?" said Bill Prescott's father, puffing angrily at a long black cigar. "And what are you going to do now?"

Bill didn't know. And even if he had known, it is doubtful whether he would have said so at the moment. When one has just been forcibly ejected from prep school by a unanimous and emphatic decree of the faculty thereof, and is engaged in discussing the pros and cons of the matter with an irate parent, one is really in no position to make suggestions.

"Well, you've got to do something," his father continued in the tone of one who expects to be contradicted. He thumped his desk with a fat fist. "You can't sit around here doing nothing. This makes the third school in four years that's refused to have you around—you, a son of mine! Why, when I went to school—"

Bill, to whom paternal tirades beginning thus were neither a novelty nor a pleasure, hastened to interrupt.

"I didn't do anything, dad," he protested. "If a couple of the Profs. hadn't been down on me all I'd have got would be a couple of demerits. Just a little automobile ride-pooh! What's that amount to?"

"A little automobile ride!" his father echoed, enraged. "As far as I can

make out, you and six other reprobates took from a garage a machine which did not belong to you, drove it to New Haven, a mere little matter of a hundred and fifty miles or so, where you contracted a hotel bill which you could never hope to pay, and left subsequently without doing so."

"Aw, Dad, but we hadda get to the game!" remonstrated Bill. "A fellow can't pass up any chances to see Yale come through like it did that time! Why, that touchdown in the last quarter—gee! I never saw anything that could beat it in all my days. I wouldn't have missed it for a cool thousand."

This unfortunate reference to things pecuniary completely marred whatever softening effect the fire of his son's enthusiasm might have had upon Prescott, Senior. It caused him to think with remorse of the goodly sum with which he would be forced to part in payment for Bill's expedition. He proceeded to speak of this at length, and with rising rage.

"You've got to go to work," he concluded, with what Bill detested as a deadly finality. "Money doesn't grow on trees, and I'm not going to have you throwing it around as though it did. Your schooldays are over, young man—you hear me? We need an office boy down at the plant. You can start

tomorrow morning."

You will admit that this was tragic, on the face of it. And it was even more tragic than you imagine. For Bill was captain of football at Franklin Academy, the institution which had so lately determined to dispense with his presence. Not only had he headed the team through joys and vicissitudes of a difficult but wholly successful season, but he had been, and still was, the only available quarterback with what the coach called "football brains". Bill was not vain. But he had long since been made aware, as heroes of the gridiron usually are, of his importance to his team. Obviously, without him, the eleven ceased to be the perfect machine that hard work and weeks of constant training had made it, and became merely a group of men, excellent players individually, but disastrously lacking the leadership on which they had come to depend.

Bill sat in his room, head in hands, pondering these things. To him one fact stood forth from the ruins of his scholastic career; he would not be there to play in the last game of the season, the game against Kendall, Franklin's most hated and most dangerous rival. And without him Franklin would lose. A moan of pity, partly for himself and partly for his team, escaped Bill at this juncture in his thoughts.

"What does a prof know about football?" he inquired of the empty air. What's a prof care? Three days before the game they have to go and bounce me out. They could have waited!"

These and other bitter remarks on the subject of the pedagogue were interrupted by the advent of a servant, who knocked upon the door of Bill's room to acquaint him with the fact that long distance was calling him on the

telephone. Bill descended the stairs to answer it with out enthusiasm. To his mind it seemed at the moment that long distance or anyone else could have little of interest to say to him.

"Bill? This is Snorky," spoke the faraway voice of his erstwhile roommate through the transmitter. "Did your Dad raise Cain?"

"I'll say he did," returned Bill, laconically.

Snorky commiserated with him. "And everybody's sore 'cause you can't play Saturday," he wound up. "Team's all shot to pieces, and the coach is wild—you oughta hear what he says he said in faculty meeting. Threatened to quit and everything."

Bill felt a dawning interest. "Who's going to play at quarterback?" he inquired.

Snorky's response to this important query was cut short by the operator, whose announcement that three minutes was up moved him, for financial reasons, to ring off with the least possible delay. Bill heard something about being sure to come back for the game even if he couldn't play, then the click of a remote receiver on its hook, then nothingness.

"Go and sit on the sidelines and watch 'em beaten," he muttered as he returned sadly to his room. "I guess not!"

But such was the lure of the game, even when viewed from the sidelines—a vantage point he had always considered nothing short of ignominious—that Saturday afternoon found him back at Franklin. And no hero returned from foreign wars, ablaze with medals, and minus an arm or so, was ever accorded a more enthusiastic reception than was Bill by the assembled student body. The faculty chose to ignore him, although it is doubtful if Bill himself even noticed this. Facul-

ties, except when actively engaged in expelling him from the institutions which they represented, had always meant little or nothing in his young life.

The Coach came up to him as he sat dejectedly upon the players' bench before the game started. Plainly melancholia had the little man in its grip. Gloom darkened his features, giving place to fury and resentment when he spoke of those who, depriving his cherished team of its pivot and its brains, had thus brought down his season's work like a house of cards around him.

Then the game began. To this day, Bill remembers little of it, recalling only a few hazy, crowded impressions. Kendall winning four first down in succession; Franklin's final recovery of the ball on its own 10 yard line; and the substitute quarterback, proving to all the world beyond a shadow of a doubt that he had not, in truth, "football brains."

When the half ended, with the score 7-0 in Kendall's favor, he sat stolidly, staring out at the field where so often he had goaded his team to victory by his power as the captain, and guided them by his keenness as the quarterback. Snorky hunched next to him on the bench, touching shoulder to shoulder and elbow to elbow in silent sympathy. Behind them the Franklin stands were strangely quiet as the half ended, sensing that the catastrophe which had befallen the team, was to Bill, its perpetrator, a catastrophe indeed. Had he been thinking of it, the ex-Captain of the Franklin team might have felt upon his back a thousand pairs of sympathetic eyes.

"Where are my football togs?" he asked of Snorky suddenly. And learning that they were in their customary place in the gymnasium, arose and

moved away. What instinct impelled him to seek the gym and don the uniform, he did not question. Bill was not analytical by nature. He knew only that an overwhelming desire to wear the suit once more had assailed him. As he put it on he could hear the coach talking to his team in the shower room across the hall, exhorting them, scolding them, pleading with them, as coaches have done between the halves since time immemorial. Every word seemed to add to his poignant suffering.

Dressed in the familiar mud-streaked garments, he returned to the field several minutes ahead of the team. No one noticed him particularly, and no one recognized him at all. He wrapped himself in one of the blue blankets with the huge white "F" upon it, and sat apart in the shadow of the bleachers. From this vantage point he perceived Snorky, looking wildly about, and knew that his room-mate was wondering where he had gone..

The third quarter began, and proceeded no more luckily for Franklin than had the first two. Bill became aware that Mr. Holcombe, the principal of the school, sat directly behind him, and from time to time he caught snatches of his conversation.

"I'm sorry about young Prescott," Bill heard him say. "He would have won this game for us, and given us a clear record of twelve straight victories for the season. But discipline is discipline—"

Again, as the quarter neared its end, the voice of the headmaster came to his ears. "We should have kept Prescott until after today," it said, remorsefully. "I could have delayed my decision until now. I declare if he were here I believe I would sanction his going into the game. He was here at the beginning of the game, I'm told, but he

must have gone again."

"No, sir, here I am," said Bill, rising suddenly before Mr. Holcombe, his eyes shining with a great light. And then, before the astonished gentleman could get his breath, Bill had started on a dead run for the field where, in the minutes breathing space between the third quarter and the final one, the blue-clad team stood grouped together.

"Mr. Holcombe sent me in to finish the game," was his explanation as he passed the bench where the coach sat, his glum expression giving way to amazement and joy and a dawning hope that was almost pathetic to behold.

What happened that last quarter is Franklin history—such a big part of Franklin history, in fact, that the name of Prescott is generally conceded to be a far more important one in the annals of the school than that of old Elihu Franklin, who was merely its founder. Today, the student body, collectively and singly, will scratch its head when asked regarding the date of the origin of the school. But the littlest Freshman or the biggest Senior in it will tell you with bated breath and undying enthusiasm how Bill Prescott appeared in the game as if from nowhere, ran fifty yards for a touch-down, kicked the goal, and two minutes later made the dropkick that won the game. The only detail of the whole affair that you can't find out is what happened after the game in the principal's private office. Nobody knows that but the principal and Bill, who were the only ones there. But Bill coached Franklin athletics the following year, and the year after that took unto himself a wife in the person of Mr. Holcombe's daughter, so I guess it wasn't anything disastrous.

K. I. B.

THE BATTLEFIELDS OF FRANCE

Most people think that they have a pretty good idea of what the battle fields of France are like. But I am convinced that one has not the least conception of what they are like until they have been over them.

After I had seen the first, I thought that the rest would be pretty much the same thing, but I found myself entirely mistaken. Each separate one has its own features. Some are covered with barbed wire entanglements, and with many signs of infantry skirmishes. Others are full of shell craters, showing that there has been artillery work done there. There are still many trenches, although the greater part of them have been filled, or destroyed in some other manner. All along the roadsides there are many dug-outs, some French others German. Most of the beautiful trees which used to shade the roads of France are either cut down or killed by gas.

The most interesting places are Riems with its Cathedral and fort, Chateau Thiery with its battle fields; Verdun with its numerous underground forts; and the most impressive of all, the Chemin des Danimes. That is practically indescribable. It shows signs of almost every kind of land warfare, and holds layer upon layer of bodies, horses, shells, guns, cannon, and every sort of war implements.

An impressive thing about the battle fields is, that on top of their being horrible and gruesome, they are beautiful in their way.

The cemeteries are another wonderful sight, some of them containing the bodies of thousands of soldiers from almost every nation of the world. But to my mind the most impressive and picturesque of them are the lone graves most of them marked by crosses made of pieces of wood that happened to be handy.

P. U.

AN UNPLEASANT EXPERIENCE

As I was getting into bed Friday evening, feeling very tired and stiff, after a grilling practice on the Harvard scrub team, the door opened suddenly, and in rushed, what seemed to me, a pack of howling devils.

They grabbed me by my arms and legs, and dragged me down the steep stairs, out the door, and into the dark wood. They were joined there by many other devils, who were dragging with them more unfortunates, like myself.

We were then blind-folded, and led hither and thither through the wood, stumbling over logs, bumping into trees, falling into brooks, and getting scratched and torn in hundreds of places. At last we came to what seemed to be a clearing, and I was told that this was the edge of Morton's Gulch, a small ravine, about sixty feet deep and thirty feet wide. I was slowly pushed forward until it seemed as if, in the next minute, I would plunge down into eternity. At last I was told to lift my right foot, and step forward. I did so, and my foot fell on a narrow board. I then cautiously stepped on it with both feet. I stood there, swaying uncertainly on the shaky board, while I was told that I must walk blind-folded across the gulch on this narrow plank. I pleaded with my harsh tormentors, to spare me, but they only laughed gleefully, and gave me a slight push. I started out, swaying back and forth, expecting every instant to fall to a terrible death on the sharp stones below.

I had gone about ten trembling

steps, when the board slipped, and with a frightened scream, I fell,—about two feet, to the ground.

I tore the handkerchief from my eyes and looked around. I soon saw that I was on the college campus, and had been walking on a plank, raised a few feet, from the ground, by a couple of blocks of wood. I then realized that this was only my initiation to "The Order of the Holy Smoke."

J. B. T.

DUMMER'S ON THE PIKE

Oh how well do I remember,
The place to which I hike
Every fall when studies call me;
It is Dummer's on the 'pike.

In football we have right good teams
Tho' we may be sometimes light,
But we always play a hard, clean game
At Dummer's on the 'pike.

In basket-ball we're like-wise good.
We clean-up left and right,
For we're noted for our sportsmanship,
At Dummer's on the 'pike.

In base-ball, tho we're way behind
We never cease to fight
(And only lost two games last year),
At Dummer's on the 'pike.

But tho in athletics we excel,
The pen holds all the might
And studies are the things that count
At Dummer's on the 'pike.

W. H. T.



SCHOOL SPIRIT

It is a well known fact that unless certain things, connected with our school life, are definitely placed before us we are likely to neglect them, or, in fact, be entirely oblivious to their presence.

We are sorry to say that school spirit is one of these seemingly unimportant, but in reality very vital, school affairs.

We know that this is a time-worn fagged out subject for an editorial, but it is necessary to continue with it just as long as we fail to give it the attention that is due such an important matter.

School spirit manifests itself in every phase of school activity. It is prominent on the athletic field, displays its quality in our lessons and is the main undercurrent of every social or business gathering of the fellows in this school.

When we speak of good school spirit, don't think that if you support your athletic teams, belong to the "Glee Club" or school paper, you have done your share, for you haven't! It is true that the above things help to create and maintain the desired spirit, but they, alone, are worthless unless we put our undivided efforts into aiding our parents in their generous attempt

to give us a proper education. Some of our folks are sacrificing their own pleasures, and even the necessities of life, to help us.

Are we going to fail to accomplish the one, big object of our being here?

And are we going to look back at the end of the year and realize then, when it is too late, that we have not done justice to our school, our parents or to ourselves?

Is that wise dictator, "Conscience," going to tell us that we have failed to "get every lesson every day?"

Will it challenge us to prove, to ourselves, that we have given our best for "old Dummer" on the gridiron, track and diamond?

On the other hand, if we can say, with a clear conscience, at the end of the school year that we have done our level best, both indoors and out, for our school, our folks at home, and for ourselves, then we have shown the only proper school spirit.

This is your own school paper. It is just as important a factor in your school life as athletics. If you have any "school-spirit" (and we know that you have) you will devote a little of your time to the Archon. We do not ask for very much, as in this case, "a little goes a long way."

ALUMNI

The Class of 1920 is scattered widely and we have not been able to get in touch with all of them. We offer, however, extracts from several letters sent to the Editor.

We know that Goddard is at North-Eastern, studying Engineering. Godfrey is at Rensselaer Polytechnic and says he is working very hard. Locke—New Hampshire State College—looked in on us twice during the football season. Madero is a Freshman at the University of California. Pino begins his law course at the University of Mexico in February. Wilson—Norwich University—plays in the band and burns the midnight oil. Richard Phillips entered Bowdoin last fall and gave the Boys a little talk on the College when here last week. "Steve" Marsh is in business at Portland. We see him now and then. Dunc Swett is learning the shoe business in Amesbury. Let the others speak for themselves.

Dear "Browne",

A short time ago Dr. Ingham asked me to write to you telling what I am doing etc. I don't know hardly what you expect so I'll just give a few facts and you can arrange them as you wish.

I am living at home at the Franklin Sq. House, above address. I'm attending The College of Business Administration of Boston University. I enjoy my work immensely and am getting along finely. Am playing on the Varsity foot-ball team when injuries do not interfere. Since the season opened I broke my left wrist which layed me up for 3 weeks and then after getting back broke my right thumb. Have

played half of two games at right half back.

Best of luck to all the students. Tell them that it's the preparatory work in High school that helps in college. They'll need it "all" and "more".

Remember me to the whole school and may it have a successful year in every way. I wish I were back.

"Joe" Worcester.

Calvert School,
Annapolis, Maryland.

Hello Brownie;

I received a letter from "Doc" the other day and he told me to write to you in order to tell you what I am doing and what my future plans are.

You can see by the above address that I am at Calvert School, it is a school which preps candidates for the U. S. Naval Academy in order to help them pass their mental entrance exams. Or to put it in a shorter sentence I am just simply preparing for the Naval Academy.

Well Brownie I wish you the best o'luck.

Broad.

Hello Browne;

I am at Burdett College in Boston taking a two year's course, B. A. I like it very much and am getting along fine. I find that my English and Spanish courses taken at Dummer were not a waste of time, as they are proving very helpful.

Yours till Niagra Falls

Mickey.

Dear Browne,

How is my old tennis partner? I suppose he still playing cards in Commons. By gee! I miss you all right! Write me whenever you can. Dr. Ingham has asked me to send you a note for "Archon". I do not know how to write and what to write. This is the best I can do. How much is the "Archon." Please send me the first copy and I will pay you what ever it may be.

Excuse my paper.

Yours truly friend,

Percy Y. Liang.

P. S. If you are in Boston anytime, call me up. (6053—J Camb.) I will be very glad to see you.

Dear Browne:

It certainly gives me pleasure to look back to last years school work. Every moment I use the tools I acquired at Dummer under the friendly masters. One notes a marked difference in a class of ten or twelve and a class of thirty or forty. In the former each pupil has direct touch with his teacher and neighbor. In the latter the pupil likes to rest, and do only his allotted share. It indeed will long be first in the minds of the students their days in athletics and studies at Dummer.

Paul Thurlow.

Dear Brownie:

I have about as much time to write letters as the Queen of Sheba had to darn sox, so this is a short note.

All I can tell you about myself, as Dr. Ingham has asked, is that I am in M. I. T. If I gave you a line on my work i. e., marks, it would give me away. Any how I hope to stay un-

til the Archon's first number is published; make it fast. If I continue in there I will take up Naval architecture. However, all freshman courses are identical. About the only event I have time for outside of school is track. I have made the freshman cross-country team. That is all I have to say of myself.

Mr DeRosay just wrote me the other day, or rather I received his letter the other day. He is en-route to Switzerland after a very interesting and profitable trip, or months stay in Italy. However you have probably heard from him. He wishes to be remembered to all of the Dummer fellows.

I had the luck to see you boys smear Country Day, Saturday despite the "dizzy dip" of an umpire.

Be sure and remember me to all of the fellows and faculty, especially those I didn't see Sat., Moody House "brats" included. With all wishes for a tres bon an.

Very sincerely yours,

Guild R. Holt.

P. S. "Excuse the grammer, punctuation, paragraphing, and the slight (?) mistakes in this epistle, Brownie."

The marriage of Albert Moore and that of Paul Dodge has just been announced. Also, the engagement of Arthur Havelin to Miss Ruth Bentley of Somerville, Mass.

Alfredo Pino Suarez has just been appointed Attache to the Mexican Embassy at Madrid.

Fred Goodwin is making a great success of the Real Estete game in New York.

"Duck" Drake is in the advertising business with Frank Ayeney, New York City.

A small but enthusiastic Dummer dinner was held at the McAlpine, Nov. 8. Plans for a big New York delegation to the annual dinner of the Sons-of-Dummer in Boston were gone over. Dr. Ingham told of a full school and plans for a new building and general expansion. The speaking was quite

general and informal. Those present were F. M. Ambrose '76, H. deB. Page '84, Warren H. Small '98, Nat Ambrose '07, Goodwin and Drake '14, I. Ferguson and Marston Young '15, Skule and Spencer '16, with Austin Brixey Esq. and Dr. Ingham as guests. John Pierce, Elwood Sanford, J. H. Turner and several others sent regrets that they were unable to be present.

HONOR ROLL

OCTOBER 1920

Name	Average
Leonard C. Hunt	88.6
Paul Ullman	88.
Gilbert M. Smith	87.
Paul F. Thomas	85.
Yujoio Iwai	81.5
E. B. Terhune, Jr.	80.
Victor P. Sanborn	80.

NOVEMBER 1920

Gilbert M. Smith	87.6
Yujiro Iwai	87.5
Paul F. Thomas	86.7
James B. Gardiner	85.5
Paul Ullman	84.8
Leonard C. Hunt	83
Edward B. Childs	82
Charles A. Peterson	80.5
Travers N. Ingham	80
George Shapiro	80



The Archon will continue its policy of last year in regard to Exchanges. We welcome the receipt of all school

papers and shall acknowledge them and show our thanks by exchanging promptly.



On November 29, an interesting talk was given to the students and faculty by Mr. Richard Phillips, a former Dummer student.

Mr. Phillips is a freshman at Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Maine, and came here to tell the students something about the life at Bowdoin as over three hundred Bowdoin students were telling the pupils of the high schools, and preparatory schools from which they were graduated.

He described the college buildings, the equipment and fraternities, and invited the students of Dummer to visit Bowdoin so they could see for themselves the college and its surroundings.

The talk was given for the Boost Bowdoin Campaign from which Bowdoin hopes to increase its number of students from four hundred to six hundred.

and Haley and "Joe" Worcester, who greatly interested everyone with their remarks. Mr. Farrell provided his usual entertainment by many witty words much to the delight of all. Dr. Ingham Congressman Lufkin, Dr. Newhall and Captain-Elect Ashcraft completed the list of speakers. Captain Dodge was presented with a gold football by the members of the team.

Ample justice was done the splendid repast.

HALOWEE'N DANCE

A very successful Hallowee'n dance was held in the Gymnasium, October 23. Splendid taste was shown by Burke, Swett, and Whalen in the novel manner of decorating. All enjoyed the orchestra, which is the highest compliment possible.

THE FOOTBALL BANQUET

We held our Annual Football Dinner on November 13. Coverted letters were presented to members of the First, Second and Junior teams. Coach Smith reviewed the past season, its success and failures. He was followed by Mr. Angus, Captains Dodge, Childs

THANKSGIVING DANCE

The evening of November 20, saw a happy crowd enter the "gym" at eight o'clock and came out four hours later tired but supremely contented. Much credit must be given the two committeemen, "Joe" and "Andy", for the very satisfactory Thanksgiving Dance.



Who wakes me at an awful hour
And runs me thru a cold, cold shower?
And if I'm late gives me an hour?
The teacher.

Who when the bus starts off to town
Just shakes his head with awful frown,
And to the wood pile sends me down?
Say teacher.

Who sees the thumb tack in the chair
And knows 'twas I who put it there?
And springs a line to curl your hair!
Dear teacher.

Who frowns upon all chewing gum,
And the ink stains on my thumb
And says my work is on the bum?
My teacher.

Who when I eat, says—make less noise
Of all the rough-neck set of boys,
And stuff like that—kills all our joys?
My teacher.

Next summer, end of all my woes,
I'll find where that old teacher goes,
I'll find and hit him on the nose.
Mean teacher.

Mr. Smith in English II—Never say
pants, always say trousers, that covers
everything.

Browne in American History—How old
was George Washington when he was
born?

Case—Will you please draw my picture?
Ah!—I don't draw cartoons.

Purinton—Say where did you learn to
play basket-ball?

Tileston—At a correspondence school.

Whalen—What are you going to give
to the fund for the new school house?

Nash—A yeast cake to make it rise.

1st student—Is that an able Seaman?

2nd student—No, you Cilley, that's a
male Chute.

1st student—A hard Case I'll say.

Question—What is the difference be-
tween a Priest and a Parson?

Answer—Nothing, that's the long and
the short of it.

Harkness—Did you know that Thelma
Eaton was married?

Priest—No, where did you find it out?

Harkness—Well, on one of the fellows'
dance orders I saw Thelma Lufkin
written.

If Breck and Brock get broken
Does that make bric-a-brac?

Question—What did Jones say when
he fell and hit his head on that jug?

Answer—Hard cider of course.

Mr. Farrell—How do you pronounce
the "o" in "votre".

Garner—Like "O".

Mr. Farrell—Like "h".

Hunt in Latin I—No sir, that means chickens.

Mr. Farrell—Well “gallinæ” can mean either hens or chickens; there’s no difference.

Hunt—Oh yes there is.

Mrs. Ingham—Travis, finish your dinner.

Travis—I don’t want any more.

Mrs. Ingham—Then you can give it to the puppy.

Travis—He doesn’t want it mother.

Mrs. Ingham—Well put it on the back of the stove for father.

Purington—Nazimova is a Russian Pole

Ashcraft—Nope she is a Chinese Lamp post.

Spencer—The Chimeras had the head of a goat, the body of a lion, and the feet of a snake.

Mr. Smith—Is that a compound, complex, or simple sentence?

Priest—Complex.

Mr. Smith—Guess again.

Priest—Simple.

Mr. Smith—No, we’re talking about the sentence.

Mr. Wickson—What did the execution of Hippins mark the end of.

Jackson—The end of Hippins.

1st student—Who’s the wisest fellow here?

2nd student—Garner of course.

1st student—I doubt it.

2nd student—Well he’s a man of letters anyway, and her name is Maude.

Case musing in English.

Little parts of lessons

Done by students lazy

Make the vision of diplomas

Very, very hazy.



Amesbury 12—Dummer 0

On October 2, only a week after our first practice was held, we travelled to Amesbury and were defeated, 12—0, in a poorly played game.

We chose to kick in the first period, and, after taking the ball from Amesbury, managed to reach their twelve-yard line, where a fumble by one of our backs lost us a chance for a touchdown. In the second period Melia of Amesbury, scored, and he repeated in the third quarter. Both attempts at goal failed. There was no scoring in the last period.

The line-up

Dummer

Ashcraft, r. e.; Swett, (Shapiro) r. t.; Milner, (Andrews), r. g.; Taff, c., Smith, l. g.; Brock, (Swett) l. t.; Burke, (Milner), l. e.; Lufkin, q. b.; Cutter (Newhall), l. h. b.; Case (Ruiz) r. h. b.; Dodge, (Capt.), f. b.

Roxbury Latin 13. Dummer 0

Roxbury Latin visited us on October ninth, and gave us a fine exhibition of forward passing, winning by that route, 13—0. In this game as in the Amesbury game, we should have scored in the first period, but a fumble of a back prevented a score.

In the second period a short forward over the line to Roxbury's quarterback, and a twenty-yard run by him brought them their first score; and again in the last quarter a short forward over our goal line determined the last score. One goal was kicked.

The work of our line in this game

was good, Roxbury being able to gain only by forward passing, but our back-field was slow in getting started and was unable to break up for w a r d s. Case, one of our best backs, wrenched his knee in the second period and will probably be unable to play during the remainder of the season.

The line-up.

Dummer

Ashcraft, r. e.; Smith, r. t.; Andrews, r. g.; Dodge, (Capt.), (Taff), c.; Childs, (Swett, Milner,) l. g.; Brock, l. t.; Lovatt, l. e.; Lufkin, q. b.; Newhall, l. h. b.; Case (Cutter), r. h. b.; Shapiro, (Capt. Dodge), f. b.

Dummer 6 Country Day 0

On October thirteenth we visited Country Day, one of our biggest rivals, and left them on the wrong end of a 6—0 score. As they beat us 32—0 last year, the victory this year was very welcome.

We kicked to Country Day in the first period, and then held them for downs, forcing them to punt off-side on their thirty-five-yard line. On our first play, Capt. Dodge made ten yards through tackle, and after a few more plays, Ashcraft carried the ball across on an end-around play. Lufkin missed the goal, owing to the wind. No more scores were made, although we had the ball on Country Day's ten-yard-line, only to be penalized twice, thus losing the chance for a touchdown. Country Day made few first downs, and only once had the ball within our twenty-five-yard line.

The line-up.

Dummer		Country Day
Ashcraft (Ruiz)	r. e.	Garcelon
Swett	r. t.	Simonds
Milner (Shapiro)	r. g.	Smith
Taff	c.	Seamans
Andrews (Brock)	l. g.	Hill
Smith	l. t.	Webster
Lovatt (Milner)	l. e.	Ellison
Lufkin	q. b.	Hubbard
Newhall	r. h. b.	Reid
Haughton (Lovatt)	l. h. b.	Hurlburt
Dodge (Capt.)	f. b.	Pratt

Pinkerton 7 Dummer 0

On Saturday, Oct. 23, Pinkerton Academy journeyed down here, confident that their husky team would have no difficulty in "bringing home the bacon." They received quite a shock, for it was not until the very last minute of play that they came within striking distance of our goal, while all during the first half we threatened their goal line. But when they had come, by the aid of a twenty-yard forward pass to Cross, to our ten-yard line, they had the power to put the ball over.

It should have been our game in the first period, when we marched sixty-yards, on four successive first downs, to within seven-yards of Pinkerton's goal, but the deciding punch was lacking.

The line-up.

Dummer		Pinkerton
Ashcraft	r. e.	Reed
Swett	r. t.	Cross
Andrews	r. g.	Herlihy (Buckley)
Taff	c.	Bloomfield
Shapiro (Smith)	l. g.	Chase
Brock	l. t.	Bartlett
Lovatt	l. e.	Boyle
Lufkin	q. b.	Blake (Capt)
Newhall	r. h. b.	Fitts
Haughton (Ruiz)	l. h. b.	Rand Reynold
Dodge (Capt.)	f. b.	Bolduc

Middlesex 27, Dummer 0

On October sixteenth, the team took a trip to Concord and held the strong Middlesex team down to four touchdowns, the final score being 27—0.

The team showed a lot of fight, Ashcraft especially deserving mention. Captain Dodge was hurt in the third period and had to leave the game. It was noticeable that, although Middlesex was reputed to have a strong forward-passing game, only two forwards were completed by them, and these only for short gains.

The line-up.

Dummer

Lovatt, l. e.; Brock, l. t.; Smith, (Shapiro, Smith,) l. g.; Taff, c.; Milner (Andrews), r. g.; Swett, r. t.; Ashcraft r. e.; Lufkin, q. b.; Newhall, r. h. b.; Haughton (Ruiz), l. h. b.; Dodge, Capt., (Shapiro), f. b.

Dummer 7 Essex Aggies 7

On November 13, we closed our football season with a 7-7 tie in a game with Essex Aggies. The game was marked by Capt. Dodge's long gains, but although by his fine running he put us in a scoring position several times, the deciding punch was lacking.

Lufkin kicked off for us, and Essex getting seven successive first downs on drives off tackle which we seemed unable to stop, scored a touchdown. Moreland kicked the goal.

We received the kick but lost the ball on a fumble, and the first quarter ended with Essex in possession of the ball on our twenty-yard line. Here we held, and then began a steady march up the field, helped by a thirty-yard run by Dodge, which resulted in Lufkin's touchdown; Lufkin also kicked the goal.

During the rest of the game neither side scored, although twice, after long runs by Dodge, we had the ball within Essex's ten-yard-line.

The line-up.

Dummer		Essex Aggies
Ashcraft	r. e.	Moreland (Capt)
Swett, (Shapiro, Swett)	r.t	Roberts
Milner	r. g.	Peabody
Taff	c.	Rogers
Andrews	l. g.	Peach
Smith	l. t.	Perkins
Lovatt	l. e.	Dreno
Lufkin	q. b.	Grey
Newhall	r. h. b.	Herrick
Haughton (Ruiz)	l. h. b.	Holden
Dodge (Capt.)	f. b.	Murray

Dummer Seconds 13, Georgetown 6.

On October fourteenth our second team opened its season with a win over a team from Georgetown, 13—6.

Swett and Connors scored for us, and Whalen kicked one goal. Kent made Georgetown's only touchdown. We scored first in the opening period on a run by Connor, but Georgetown came back and scored in the second quarter, a forward pass to Kent bringing the touchdown. In the third period Swett crashed over for us ending the scoring for the day.

The line-up.

Dummer Seconds

Eddy, r. e.; Tiliston, (Swett), r. t.; Pichardo, r. g.; Humphries, c.; Nash, (Groves), l. g.; Hellier, l. t.; Burke, l. e.; Childs, (Capt.) q. b.; Connor, r. h. b.; Hunt, l. h. b. Whalen, f. b.

Dummer Seconds 47 Ipswich 0

On Saturday, October 23, our strong second team kept its record clean by easily defeating Ipswich, 47—0. The team showed the result of long hours of practice by the way we walked through to victory. Connor and Liang scored twice each, while Capt. Childs, Hunt and Pichardo contributed a touchdown apiece. Whalen kicked five goals.

The line-up.

Dummer Seconds

Burke, l. e.; Hillier, l. t.; Nash, l. g.; Humphries, c.; Pichardo, r. g.; Tiliston (Groves), r. t.; eddy, r. e.; Childs, (Capt.) q. b.; Connor, r. h. b.; Hunt, (Liang), l. h. b.; Whalen, f. b.

Dummer Seconds 0 Brookline 1923 0

On Saturday, October twenty-seventh, we played the Brookline Sophomores to a scoreless tie, in a very interesting game. Several times both teams had chances to score, but the opposing defence stiffened in every case. Capt. Childs played a good game, along with the others in his backfield, while Humphries and Pichardo, in the line, deserve mention.

The line-up.

Dummer Seconds

Eddy, r. e.; Tiliston (Groves), r. t.; Pichardo, r. g.; Humphries, c.; Nash, l. g.; Hellier, l. t.; Burke, l. e.; Childs, (Capt.) q. b.; Connor, r. h. b.; Hunt, l. h. b.; Thomas, f. b.

Thurlow All-Stars 13 Dummer Sec. 0

On November third, the second team lost its first game, a defeat at the hands of the Thurlow All-Stars of Newburyport. All the scoring was in the second half, Currier taking the ball over on a forward pass and Page making a pretty fifty yard run for the last touchdown. Page kicked the goal.

Dummer Seconds Thurlow All-Stars

Eddy	r. e.	Currier
Tiliston (Groves)	r. t.	Thurlow
Pichardo	r. g.	D. Kelley
Humphries	c.	Roberts
Small	l. g.	Moynihan
Hellier	l. t.	Stevens
Burke	l. e.	Dondero
Childs (Capt)	q. b.	Ed. Kelley
Connor	r. h. b.	Avery
Hunt	l. h. b.	Page
Thomas	f. b.	Perkins

Dummer Second 0 Alumni A. C. 13

On Thursday, November eleventh, the second team closed their season with a defeat, 13—0, by the Alumni A. C. of Haverhill. We were handicapped by the absence of Pichardo and Connor, but Small and Osborne, respectively, filled their places well. The Alumni A. C. scored once on a forward pass and once on a fumble, which their quarter-back picked up and ran about sixty yards for a touchdown. The line-up.

Dummer Second Team

Eddy, r. e.; Groves (Tiliston) r. t.; Small, r. g.; Humphries, c.; Nash, l. g.; Hellier, l. t.; Burke, l. e.; Childs (Capt) q. b.; Osborne, r. h. b.; Hunt, l. h. b.; Thomas, f. b.

Junior Football

The result of the Junior games is as follows:

Juniors 36	Prochial School 0
Juniors 24	Jackman School 0
Juniors 6	Amesbury Juniors 12
Juniors 12	Bartlett School 0
Juniors 0	Amesbury Juniors 21
Juniors 30	Newburyport All-Stars 0

The Junior Team this year was featured by the playing of Capt. "Red" Haley and "Blackie" Ullman. Haley scored most of the team's touchdowns on long runs, and Ullman, playing in his defensive quarter-back position, could always be counted on to stop his man, besides being a sure ground-gainer. Dautel also played a hard game at full-back.

The Football Season of 1920

With a green team, the season started badly, and for a long time the development was not rapid enough to equal the relative strength of our opponents.

During the October schedule, the one bright spot was the hard-fought game with Middlesex, in which every man did his best.

The last of the season the team struck its stride, partially making up for the disastrous month of October. The Country Day game, especially, was a cheerful pastime from our point of view.

Captain Dodge, Captain elect Ashcraft, Lufkin and Lovatt played a strong game all season. Among the linemen Milner and Swett were particularly effective, although the latter did not realize his full power till the last ten minutes of the season.

Among the backfield men, Haughton and Newhall worked hardest of those not already mentioned. Newhall promises to be, not a star, but a dependable, steady, hard-hitting back another year.

A strong nucleus for next year's team is now in school, and it remains with the boys to take care of themselves and to do this work well, so that we can start in next fall where we left off this fall, with no scarred October to mar a beautiful November.

A. M. Smith, Coach.

BASKET BALL

As soon as the Thanksgiving holiday had ended, the intermural basketball games began. Several games have been played already, and keen rivalry has been shown, as well as a lot of good playing. The teams are well matched, as several close scores have shown. The eight senior teams are Captained by Lufkin, Dodge, Browne, Ruiz, Pichardo, Liang, Ashcraft and Andrews. Captains Paul Ullman, Allen Ullman, Haley, and Gardiner are leading the junior teams.

"Varsity" practice started with a rush Wed. afternoon, December 8. There is a large squad out and we hope for a very successful season.

On December first, Coach Wickson issued the first call for Track candidates. The response brought out many

new men as well as the remaining veterans of last year's team. We have a fine schedule which will cause keen competition for places on the squad.

It was reported that Travis Ingham had suffered a stiff neck caused by his continual gazing along the walls of the "gym" for that record of last year's intermural track meet. You will remember that Travis was high point man. He has our sympathy.

Athletic Notes

Dummer had a fine basketball team last year. Lets have everybody out for this year's team, to make it even better than any former "quintet!"

A. M. Ashcraft, varsity end for two years, has been elected captain of next year's eleven. We wish him and his team a successful season.

SCHOOL STATISTIC

Day students 4, Boarders 66, Masters 8. 1 Secretary, 1 Housekeeper, 1 Laundress, 3 Maids, 2 Cooks, 1 Janitor 1 Superintendent and Engineer, 1 Fireman, 1 Helper, 1 Chauffer. Total 91.

The geographical distribution is as follows:

Maine 5, Vermont 2, New Hampshire 1, Massachusetts 45, Connecticut 1, New York 4, New Jersey 1, Washington, D. C. 1, Iowa 1, Kentucky 1, Illinois 1, Utah 1, Cuba 1, Spain 1, Japan 1, China 1, Canada 2.

The school has eleven buildings of all kinds, 470 acres of land. About 50 acres are farm lands proper, the rest, marsh and wooded pastures, is about equally divided. The Golf Club leases 40 acres and has spent more than \$20,000 on the property. The income last year from tuitions was

\$50,000, which with gifts paid the running expenses. The invested funds of the school are only \$15,000. The largest gift ever made to the school was \$17,000 from Joseph Lee Esq. of Boston, some eight years ago. This was used to build the Moody House and part of Cleveland Hall.

Twelve years ago the registration was a dozen boarding students, twice that number of day students—income \$8,000. Day students were transported by trolley. The town paid for transportation and part of the fee for tuition which was then \$50. or less for Byfield boys. Now the boarders number 66, day students 4, income \$52,000. There are no trolleys, the boys are transported in autos. The town will pay neither transportation, tuition, nor cost of text books.

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